Buck. Farewell my Lord.

Exit Buckingham.

Yorke. Whose within there?

Enter one.

One. My Lord.

Yorke. Sirrah, go will the Earles of Salsbury and Warwick to sup with me to night. *Exit Yorke.*

One. I will my Lord. *Exit.*

Enter the King and Queene with her Hawke on her fist, and Duke Humfrey and Suffolke, and the Cardinall, as if they came from Hawking.

Queene. My Lord, how did your grace like this last flight?
But as I cast her off the winde did rise,
And twas ten to one, old Ione had not gone out.

King. How wonderfull the Lords workes are on earth,
Euen in these silly creatures of his hands,
Vnkle Gloster, how hye your hawke did sore,
And on a sodaine soue'd the Partridge downe.

Suff. No maruell if it please your Maiesty,
My Lord Protectors hawkes do towre so well,
They know their master sores a Faulcons pitch.

Hum. Faith my Lord, it's but a base minde,
That sores no higher then a bird can sore.

Card. I thought your Grace would be aboue the clouds.

Hum. I my Lord Cardinall, were it not good
Your grace could fly to heauen.

Card. Thy heauen is on earth, thy words and thoughts beate on a Crowne, proud Protector, dangerous Peere, to smoothe it thus with King and Commonwealth.

Hum. How now my Lord, why this is more then needs, church men so hot? Good vnckle can you do't.

Suf. Why not, hauing so good a quarrell, and so bad a cause?

Hum. As how, my Lord?

Suf. As you, my Lord, and t'like your Lordly Lordes Protectorship.

Hum. Why Suffolke, England knowes thy insolence.

Queene

Queene. And thy ambition Gloster.

King. Cease gentle Queene, and whette not on th
Lords to wrath, for blessed are the peace-makers on

Card. Let me be blessed for the peace I make,
Against this proud Protector with my sword.

Hum. Faith holy Vnkle, I would it were come to

Card. Euen when thou dar'st.

Hum. Dare: I tel thee Priest, Plantagenets could
the dare.

Card. I am Plantagenet as well as thou, and sonn
Gaunt.

Hum. In bastardy.

Card: I scorne thy words.

Hum: Make vppe no factious numbers, but euen in
person meete me at the East end of the groue.

Card: Here's my hand, I will.

King: Why how now Lords?

Card, Faith Cosin Gloster, had not your man cast
we had had more sport to day, Come with thy swor
ler.

Hum: Gods mother Priest Ile shaue your crowne.

Card: Protector, protect thy selfe well.

King The winde growes high, so doth your choller

Enter one crying a miracle, a miracle.

How now? Now sirra, what miracle is it?

One. And it please your Grace, there is a man that
to S. Albones, and hath receiued his sight at the shri

King Go fetch him hether, that wee may glorifie
him.

Enter the Maior of Saint Albones, and his Brethren,
sicke, bearing the man that had bene blind betw
two in a chaire

King: Thou happy man, giue God eternall praise,
For he it is that thus hath helped thee:
Where wast thou borne?

Poore man. At *Barwicke* please your Maiesty in the